

# The Church of God EVANGEL



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...the Church of God... the world...



# The Trail of a Star



BY DOROTHY DAKE

Night was still reigning as King of the hour.  
A black, heavy robe he'd recently cast  
O'er the dew-covered, sweet-odored, prosperous  
plain,  
Nigh Hebron, the scene of far ancient past.

Piercing through darkness and shadows beneath,  
Came light from the stars—the lamps of the  
sky.  
And a man so distressed that no sleep he could  
find,  
Sought comfort from watching the lights up  
on high.

He fancied the lamps of a city they were—  
A city he longed every day to behold.  
And lo! while he paused, coming down through  
the stars  
Was a being surrounded by rays as of gold.

"Thou servant of mine, see the numberless  
stars?  
I promise thy seed to be thus," said He,  
"With nations, princes and kings of earth,  
Being born in the line that will come out of  
thee."

Repeatedly Abraham looked at the stars,  
And recalled his descendants would be like  
the host.

At last all were faint save a lone Morning Star,  
And he whispered, "Who's this of whom I  
can boast?"

Though eagerly, often the man traced its trail  
He died without knowing the Bright Morning  
Star

Was the sinner's Redeemer, the world's only  
hope,  
With His work there reflected in one guiding  
star.

Many years later when vast multitudes  
Of promised descendants were marching  
along;

A king who was fearful, by whom they had  
camped,  
Decided, to curse them would not be wrong.

He sent for a Gentile. His blessings held good,  
And those whom he cursed were blighted in-  
stead;

But when from a mountain the tribes he had  
viewed,  
To prophesy freely the Gentile was led.

And there as he trembled, his spirit inspired,  
Surrounded by glory that comes from afar;  
By vision or fancy permitted of God,  
He caught just a glimpse of the trail of a star.

"I see out of Jacob a star," he said.  
Again, "Out of Israel a sceptre shall rise."  
Then onward he spoke of the blessings ahead,  
Being urged like a priest when he prophecies.

Stars without number arose and went down,  
Till many long years had been counted, they  
say;  
And men of Chaldea continually gazed  
At the beauties of heaven and the great Milky  
Way.

Then lo! came a change in arrangement of  
things,  
And out moved a star with its points dripping  
gold;  
Going silently, slowly, majestically forth  
In a path toward Judea and Bethlehem old.

Some men, hoary-haired, stroking beards as  
they gazed,  
Made only decisions the wisest would make;  
And bowing to worship in reverence and awe,  
Agreed that a star-guided trip they should  
take.

So, loading their satchels with treasures to give  
To a Babe newly born and announced by a  
star,  
They ordered their soft-footed camels to go,  
For the end of the trail was a village afar.

And oh! what a moment divine and sublime,  
When ending the trail, in worship they bent  
To kiss the Redeemer of Abraham's line—  
The "star out of Jacob" that Heaven had sent.

# ★ The Star of Bethlehem Speaks ★

BY J. STEWART BRINSFIELD



**T**EXT: Matt. 2:1, 2, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Four hundreds years the people had groped in darkness, the shades of death draped over them as a shroud, and the glorious land of the patriarchs, prophets and judges was no longer the land of glory and freedom that it had been during the rule of David. The fame of Solomon's glory and wisdom had diminished so that the heritage of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was overrun by the heathen.

Abraham had blessed Isaac and Isaac had passed the blessing on to Jacob, who in turn, asked God's blessings on the twelve sons of Israel, and Judah was favored as the one who was to be the father of David, the father of the Messiah. These blessings were treasured for they meant power, prestige, authority and wealth, but alas, from the time of Israel's Babylonish captivity there was one suppression after another, Medo-Persia, Greece, and now Rome. True there were times of respite when it seemed that the sceptre of Judah again was to be recognized throughout the world and men still would be constrained to reverence the God of Abraham, but these hopes seemed futile, for no sooner were they raised than some cruel hand would smash them.

The tyranny of Rome was very grievous and the Macabees led a succession of revolts but they were subdued and still there was no open vision, no prophet and the darkness was deep and dense. Even the temple, which had been repaired from time to time, had been finally rebuilt by Herod, but the temple worship on Mt. Moriah was not acceptable to God for those who sold the sacrifices were so mercenary that commercial gain corrupted the service of the house of God. Indeed the condition was so grave, that many were wondering, When will the long promised Messiah come?



J. STEWART BRINSFIELD

There had been a lot of talk recently about a certain priest who had gone into the holy place to offer a sacrifice and was stricken dumb and then in a few months the pious and aged wife of this mute priest had told her kinsfolk of her hope in spite of her age, and further how that when the child was born the priest Zacharias began to prophesy of the dawning of the new day, when the people who sit in darkness would see the light of hope. Could it be possible that the iron power of Rome would be soon broken by the sceptre of

Judah and the elect of God emerge from their tribulations, triumphant over their oppressors? Well, these were unusual days, for Joseph the carpenter had refused to take Mary to wife, and then an angel appeared to him telling him to complete his marriage without fear. Certainly out of all these uncertainties something would happen to at least bring a reprieve to Israel.

Herod was a ruthless and jealous ruler and no one dared to openly hope for the restoration of the kingdom of David and Solomon, but things would be different when the Son of David would rise to establish a kingdom of equity and justice, for now it was becoming too natural for the Jews to be despised and oppressed. So they would gather in groups to discuss the past glories of the tribes of Jacob, and no matter how hopeless the situation appeared they were always confident, for had not Isaiah told of the coming King and Deliverer? It was such a conversation perhaps among the shepherds who had possibly been discussing the appearance of a new star and wondering if it was a token of their soon deliverance, when suddenly the whole sky was illuminated with supernatural light and there was music, sweet ultra melodious music, and singing, heavenly singing. In the glory of that light they were prostrate when the angel of the Lord came near assuring them there was cause for rejoicing instead of fear, because peace and good will had come to men, for in the city of David a Savior, Christ

the Lord, was born and they would find Him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. So they arose and found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, and after worshipping Him they returned glorifying God.

The wise men, star gazers of the east, had been following the star for its phenomenal appearance and unique rays had spoken to them and they were sure that a King was born in the distant land of Jacob. They came seeking the blessedness which He could impart to those who worship Him. Their stop in Jerusalem proved that Herod had learned nothing from the

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"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."



# NOTICES

From the Field

To the Kentucky churches: I am altogether in evangelistic work this year. Anyone desiring a revival can get in touch with me at the address given below. Pray much before your revival; let God direct your mind and heart on who would be best for a revival at your church. — E. R. Waller, Fork Ridge, Tenn.

My address this Assembly year is Harper, W. Va.—R. L. Rexrode.

To the Y. P. E's and Sunday Schools of Oklahoma: This is to let you know that I have been appointed state superintendent of Y. P. E. and Sunday School for Oklahoma. My address is Box 1036, Maud, Okla.

Dear pastors and churches, the time is far spent and the world is very wicked, and if we would succeed in doing anything worth while for Christ and the Church, we must stand by and cooperate with one another. Therefore, I am asking that each pastor in the state act as my assistant in your local church. Please do your very best for the Y. P. E. as well as the Sunday School. If your young folk are not active, please get them busy. As much as I dislike to admit it, there are only about six or eight churches reporting any activity among the young people. Now I am sure the fact is that someone is just neglecting his duty. Pastors, please do your best to see that your Y. P. E. and Sunday School secretaries report to me not later than the fifth of each month. Also please remember that it is very necessary to fill in every blank and answer every question if we are to have any chance at the national banners. —Archie F. McWilliams.

I am in the evangelistic work again this year and will consider calls for revivals. Those who desire our help may contact me at 24 Elm St., Natchez, Miss. —Evangelist Ida Bradley.

My address for this year is 411 E. Walnut St., Carrier Mills, Ill. I am pastor here and overseer of this district. I will be glad to have any of you pay us a visit. —T. F. Blackwell.

To the churches on the Cleveland, Tenn., district: I have been appointed district overseer for this year and I want to serve you to the best of my ability. I want you to feel free to call on me any time I can be of service to you. Pastors,

I am depending on you and your churches to help me put the program of the Church of God over the top. Last year, by the help of the Lord and the cooperation of our good pastors and members, we were able to put all of our churches on the honor roll. Let's not forget that we have fourteen churches this year, whereas we had only nine last year. Let's be like the Jews rebuilding the walls of Je-

rusalem, they had a mind to work. Pray for the writer. My address is 3446 Wildwood Ave., Cleveland, Tenn. My phone number is 856.—A. J. Swift, district pastor.

The State of Montana has bought a state parsonage at Harlowton, Montana. This will be our address for the rest of the year.—John Sharp, overseer.

## Requests For Prayer

### PRAY FOR—

My loved ones who are in trouble; me and my family to be able to overcome our troubles; I would appreciate it if someone would send me some good tracts to read. I am a widow and not able to buy them.—Kathrain Vickery, Millen, Ga.

My father to see where he needs to obey God as he once did; my mother that God will strengthen and encourage her; me.—Miss Hilda Criner, Rt. 1, Box 133, Spring Hill, W. Va.

The healing of my father, John W. Golden, Cantwell, Mo.—Marvin Golden, Cleveland, Tenn.

! ! ! ! !

### GOD'S PROMISE

"God hath not promised  
Skies ever blue,  
Flower-strewn pathways  
Always for you.

"God hath not promised  
Sun without rain,  
Joy without sorrow  
Peace without pain.

"But He HATH promised  
Strength from above,  
Unfailing sympathy,  
Undying love."—Sel.

! ! ! ! !

Special request.—Carl Bramlett, Shelby, N. C.

The complete healing of my body; me to get closer to the Lord; my home to become a home of prayer.—Carrie Turner, Screven, Ga.

Me to receive the Holy Ghost.—Inez Turner, Screven, Ga.

Me to get closer to the Lord; my husband to be saved; our home to be a home of prayer and that we will raise our children right; our church.—Mrs. Claude Watkins, Montcalm, W. Va.

My sister and her husband to be saved, they need your prayers badly; a young man who has been given up by the doctors, to be healed and saved; our church.

—Mrs. Ruth Holby, 1922 Maple Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

Our revival.—George R. Folk, Fairmount City, Pa.

Me to be completely healed of sinus trouble and neuralgia in my head.—P. R. Walker, Box 58A, Mt. Union, Pa.

Me to be healed of something on my face like a cancer.—J. U. Nabors, Star Route, Houston, Miss.

The Lord to deliver me of a habit. Please pray earnestly for me. Our church at New Hope.—Rose Ard, Star Route, Folsom, La.

The healing of my body of severe stomach trouble; the Lord to undertake and heal; the Lord to deliver me of a habit. Please pray earnestly. — William Ard, c/o E. S. Raines, Folsom, La.

The Lord to undertake for us so that my unsaved family and I may be able to attend services. — Mrs. Carrie Merritt, Ferndale, Fla.

My eleven-year-old boy to be healed of rheumatism, he has it badly in his legs; me to be healed of nervous indigestion; us to live closer to God.—Mrs. Archie Livingston, Red Springs, N. C.

Joe Morgan, Tampa, Fla., who is in the Orange General Hospital to be healed of a broken bone in the right side of his neck and a badly injured back.—W. S. Wilemon, Orlando, Fla.

God to heal my body; my husband to be healed of kidney and throat trouble; us to stand true.—Mrs. Bertha Fields, 536 Hughes St., Danville, Va.

My husband to be healed of appendicitis and head trouble, he has been sick eight weeks.—Mrs. Joe Wood, Rt. 1, Reform, Ala.

Me and my baby that we may be healed of the flu.—Lorene Cowart, Rt. 1, Fyffe, Ala.

Me to do as God would have me do and be in His will; my brothers.—James R. Griffin, Ft. Payne, Ala.

The Lord to give me a stronger desire to go through; my companion and me to receive the blessing before our revival

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# The Christmas Rose



BY T. W. GODWIN

Matt. 2:1, 2, 11, "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."

The word "Christmas" is derived from the words "Christ's mass," which designates a festival observed by the Christian church on December 25, to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ. This observance began A. D. 200, and at this time a public holiday in most every county in the world, with special festivities and customs. The Christmas tree is of ancient origin from Germany, and the custom went to England. The singing of Christmas carols by waits, out-of-doors on Christmas Eve, is an English custom recently revived. The sending of gifts had its origin in the Yule gifts of northern countries and ancient Rome. Christmas cards date from A. D. 1850, which custom is less than a century old.

Well, so much for the customs and ways above mentioned. In my opinion they are in perfect order and especially the singing and giving of gifts, for in this is manifest the true spirit of Christmas. Please remember the first celebrators, the wise men from the East. Yes, over on the Eastern Hemisphere, when they had found the Lord who had been given the world as a Savior, they fell down and worshipped Him. To "worship" means to "perform acts of homage" or "adoration," such as religious services, and this is not all, for before the celebration was over they presented unto Him gold, frankincense and myrrh. Christ has only one reason for desiring gifts from us, and that is in order that He may give gifts to us. He can give only to givers. The story of life is taking and giving, but the political and pragmatism world has lost that vision, and this answers for the atrocious and tragical wars of the Eastern Hemisphere. Had these nations kept faith with the true spirit of Christmas, they would not be warring among themselves today; but because of selfishness and greed, the Spirit of God was dismissed from their program, and today, November 27, 1940,



a Christmas truce was mentioned in England, the fatherland of so many of our customs, and Prime Minister Winston Churchill said, "No, sir!" that any proposal for a truce would be rejected by the British Government. God forbid that time to come when the fair land of America is so war rigorous that there can be no time or place found to serve God, or celebrate the birthday of the Son of God.

It has just been a few short years since I thought Christmas celebration consisted of shooting firecrackers and drinking a few eggs stirred in liquor, but not so today, for my only desire and

## Christmas

Laura Emily Mau

A new day dawns today,  
For Christ is born on earth again,  
And hopes of peace on earth,  
Fill all the hearts of men.

All lives grow kind and beautiful,  
Made rich by giving love away,  
And lives are changed because they let  
Christ come into their hearts today.

They feel His presence in the world,  
The channels of love are flowing free,  
And there's no East or West,  
But only God's humanity.

—The Young People's Journal.

highest ambition is to stir my soul to its profound depth of giving my life to the cause of Christ, and in so doing I serve and bless those about me. Christmas is a time of giving, it is a time of serving, a time of loving. The first Christmas was the time when God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Christmas is coming again. Do we have the right spirit to celebrate on that good day, the day when Christ was born? Yes, sir! Neighbor, if we have been born of the Spirit, we are ready for the celebration, ready to go, ready to stay, ready to spend and be spent, ready to give that others might be happy. Oh, my friend, this is the true spirit of Christmas.

Once I read a legend of the Christmas Rose. It was said that many, many years ago the roses had a meeting. They met to decide at what season they would best like to blossom. There were ever so many varieties, large and small, double and single, white and pink, and red and yellow. Nearly every one of the many kinds chose to blossom in June. There was here and there a straggler who preferred the latter summer or early autumn. The majority said "June! June! June is surely the most beautiful month, and the rose is surely the most beautiful flower. The month and the flower belong together." But there was one little plant, the leaves of which were yet unfolded. It thought it was a rose, but it was so small it hardly knew. None of the proud flowers paid it the least attention. It wasn't asked for an opinion, and it never said a word, but it had its own sweet thoughts. They were something like this, "It seems too bad that all the roses should bloom when the world is already full of beauty without them. I should like to have blossoms that would cheer when things are dreary. I should like to bloom in winter. I wonder if I could." The little plant did not yet know what power there was in a kind purpose. The year sped around. The beautiful roses enjoyed their time of blossoming, and had all passed away. The snow was heavy on the ground. Men said that in many years there had not been such a snowfall. Christmas Day came, and on that day a young woman went to live with Him who was once the Christ-child. "How sad that there are no flowers," one said. "She was so fond of flowers." But another said, "I know a bush which has blossoms under the snow; it is in the far corner of the

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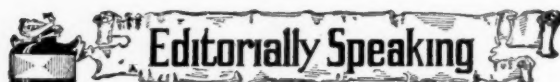
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## The Strange Story

ANOTHER milestone in the Christian era has been reached. Approximately nineteen hundred and forty-four years have elapsed since the "heavenly host" sang to the Bethlehem shepherds the song of "Peace on earth, good will toward men," and the angels made the annunciation of the birth of Christ.



E. L. SIMMONS

Since that time the same old earth has been the scene of a multitude of wars in which hundreds of thousands of men have been slain and wounded. Hundreds of thousands of others have died from causes which were traceable either directly or indirectly to war. The lame so made by these barbarous calamities which have fallen to us, are still with us. And now again the whole world is affected by a deadly struggle fomented and fanned into a great conflagration by political, racial and religious hatred.

Was the song of "peace on earth" sung in vain? Was the Babe of Bethlehem who was born "Prince of Peace" and Savior of all men, born in vain? Though the answer may seem strange answered in the negative, it must be answered that way. The Jews had long looked for the Messiah, a King to deliver them, a Savior to bring them peace, and that Deliverer came with the sanction of heaven, in fulfillment of all their scriptures. He came in the person of the "Bethlehem Baby." This Deliverer did not become King on earth because He was rejected, thus in the rejection of heaven's King the coming of the kingdom of God and reign of peace on the earth was deferred and the kingdom of Christ and His reign of peace became a spiritual one. Millions of earth's inhabitants have accepted Christ as their King and have been given peace like a river. They have been delivered from the gods of graft, greed, force, and intolerance. In the midst of earth's fear, hate, and thralldom, brought about by totalitarian bigots in plunging civilization into war, their faith is fixed in God for in their

heart the God of peace has been dethroned. So when on Christmas morning the bells of Bethlehem shall again ring out the message of peace on earth, that message will not be a message in vain.

## Broken Vows

THE custom of making vows is a very old one. In the Old Testament we have record of men who bound themselves under vows for life. These men were called Nazarites, which in the Hebrew means one who is separated from certain things and to others. Men like Samson, Samuel, and John the Baptist were separated from the world and their lives were consecrated and dedicated to God.

There is an argument against making vows on the ground that so many of them are broken, but this is no more reasonable than to say, "No use to take care of the children because so many of them die," or to say, "No use to plant trees, flowers, or grain because so much of it produces nothing." Better to make vows unto the Lord, and perform all that we make unto Him.

## Watch Night

MORE than one thousand Churches of God will, in all probability, celebrate a watch night service. The custom of watching the old year out and the new year in is very ancient and the ways of celebrating have been and are varied. In the so-called Christian countries thousands of people will dance the old year out and the new one in. Other thousands will celebrate the event with drinking parties or in play. It is therefore very consoling to know that in the midst of all the fuss and tumult there will be numberless bands of the saints of God gathered together to pray the old year out and the new one in.

This year there are so many things to pray for and remember: The Christians in the war-torn countries, the boys who are in training in our own country, the chief executive, his cabinet, and our legislators, and last but not least, the thousands who are without God, that they might find Him in conversion, sanctification and the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Hundreds of people have received their baptism in these watch night services. Let us pray that the night of December 31, 1940, will be the greatest of all watch night services, so made by a great outpouring of the Spirit of God.



**So Much Ado** THIS issue of the Evangel is quite well filled with Christmas material of various kinds. It may be asked, Why all this ado about Christmas? The answer is easy to give and and to understand, for Christmas is that day set apart as the birth of "our Lord."

Strange as it may seem (compared with other subjects), little money is made or changes hands on

Christmas or at other times in the advancement of true Christianity. The most ado, sad to say, is strictly commercial promotion.

According to *Time* of December 16, "most religious books make little money." There is comparatively little cash for theology or for real Christian promotion in the world outside of the pales of genuine Christendom. Perhaps those who are not unacquainted with Christ cannot keep Christmas in the true spirit, but His true followers have the full privilege, right, and authority to acknowledge and celebrate His birth, for Christ is their Savior, their Priest and soon coming King.



# LEAVES FROM THE FIG TREE

*An Interpretation of Current Events in the Light of Holy Prophecy*

*"Now, learn a parable of the fig tree: when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh," Matt. 24:32.*

By JUDGE SULLIVAN

"For unto US a child is born, unto US a Son is given." In the name of the Son that came, I greet you at this Christmas time. That portion of Isaiah's prophecy quoted above has been fulfilled. The child was born and the Son came. However, as children of the eternal God, we are looking forward to the fulfillment of the latter part of the verse that tells us, "THE GOVERNMENT SHALL BE UPON HIS SHOULDERS." In the darkness and chaos that abounds over the world, the star that shone at Bethlehem and pointed unerringly to the manger where HE lay, is still shining in the hearts of men of good will everywhere. The way of holiness and the hopes for the future, purely in the natural view, seem dark and hopeless. However, in the darkness the star still shines. As it led the wise men and shepherds to the feet of the Babe, so it still points to the dawning of that gladsome day when "HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL."

One blessed child of God recently said to me, "The darker the hour, the nearer the dawn." The Church of God celebrates Christmas. I rather think that as we review the glorious fact of His first coming, our minds will be looking forward for the greater event, His second coming without sin unto salvation. The writer heard Rev. E. M. Ellis deliver a message on the "Redemption Completed," at the Lake City, Fla., camp meeting one time, and he pointed eloquently to the day when the earth would abound in the knowledge and glory of God and the curse of sin would be removed. In that hope and in that spirit, believing your redemption and mine is nigh at hand, I wish for every one of you the merriest of Christmas and the happiest of New Year. God bless every one of you real good for Jesus' sake! Amen!

The Decorative Lighting Guild of America broadcasted the following message to our people, which is very timely. The title of the article is "THE LIGHT THAT MUST NOT FAIL." "This Christmas on trees and shrubs, on the house itself and on Christmas trees inside the home, in public places all over America, hundreds of millions of tiny, colorful Christmas lights will symbolize the hope

we keep, the faith we cherish. Like bright stars, close to earth, they will proclaim our heartfelt wish for 'peace on earth, good will toward men.' Christmas lighting is an American custom. This year it assumes a new significance, for this year it becomes a forceful and expressive way to tell the rest of the world that, in America, Christmas reigns as usual. In America it is being celebrated with the music of ringing bells and singing voices, amidst the sparkling beauty of colorfully lighted streets and homes. Abroad there is fear and blackout. In America there is liberty and light. Perhaps our Christmas

## WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES

By George C. Alborn

The stars gleam just a little clearer,  
Our friends are just a little dearer,  
And heaven draws a little nearer,  
When Christmas comes.

The snow is just a little whiter,  
Our burdens just a little lighter,  
Our hopes of heaven a little brighter,  
When Christmas comes.

Toil seems a little more worth bearing,  
Our faith looks up with greater daring,  
We feel that God for us is caring,  
When Christmas comes.

Christ comes to us, salvation bringing,  
Within our hearts joy-bells are ringing,  
So praise to Him we join in singing,  
When Christmas comes.

— Watchman Examiner.

lighting will help us to express our conviction that we have something to be deeply thankful for, in the privilege of BEING AN AMERICAN AND LIVING IN AMERICA. Thus, Christmas lighting now becomes a symbol of the freedom that shines in the heart of every American. This year, let us drive that truth home more deeply than ever. THIS IS THE LIGHT THAT MUST NOT FAIL." While the above words were written in a commercial sense, yet there is great meaning in them. Let us all light our homes, our streets, our hearts with

the spirit of Christmas. If the antichrist spirit keeps expanding, this may be the last time we shall have that happy privilege.

May the merciful God pity the millions of poor children in conquered Poland, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Belgium, Holland, France, Austria and other countries where a grand treat would be a large helping of pure bread. May we, as we enjoy the undeserved and unmerited blessings of high heaven, breathe a sincere and earnest prayer that some spark, however small, of the Christmas spirit may, on that day of all days, enter into the hearts of those precious children that they might realize that God lives and Christ still loves and cares for the children.

A few days ago Helen Keller, the famous and beloved woman who is blind, deaf and dumb, but who has conquered the darkness of her world and has learned to hear by vibrations and to speak fluently, one of the world's brilliant women, said: "Christmas has always been a time of delight in my heart, but not this year. I do my holiday shopping with a heavy heart. I have no heart for festivity this year. There is faith in my heart that peace and happiness will come again—but I cannot be gay this Christmas time when so many are suffering. The war is almost more than I can bear." May the spirit of Christmas manifest itself in Helen Keller's heart. May her sightless eyes catch a vision of Him who came that first Christmas and who is sure to come again.

"New York, November 30.—A rare heavenly conjunction of two planets and a newly found comet which astronomers believe may be one explanation of the star of Bethlehem, will shine in the Christmas skies this year. Professor William H. Barton, Jr., executive curator of the Hayden Planetarium, said today the Cunningham comet and the planets Jupiter and Saturn would be in visible conjunction by Christmas. "The great astronomer, Kepler, was so impressed by a conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter that he figured back and found that in the

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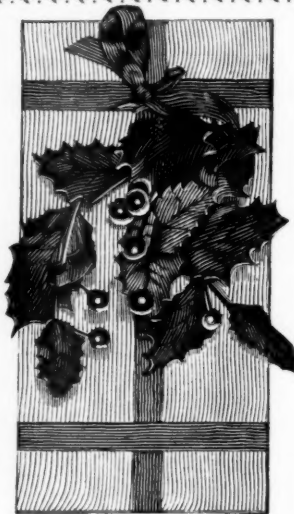
# Peace on Earth

BY E. M. TAPLEY



NINETEEN hundred years ago the first Christmas night broke upon a dismal world. The scroll of heaven rolled back, and an innumerable host of angels appeared, singing that immortal strain, "Glory, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." In heavenly tones strangely sweet, these words echoed through the midnight hills from crest to vale as the Judean countryside reverberated with the joyous sound. The humble shepherds beheld this glorious scene with solemn awe, for a mighty fear had seized them. But the angel of the Lord had said, "Fear not; behold I bring you GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY which shall be to ALL people"—tidings of peace.

PEACE ON EARTH! Could any words have been sweeter to the Judean shepherds? None could be more musical to our ears today. But what of their fulfillment? The world had seen enough bloodshed already, but the annals of profane history drip with the blood of great battles fought since that memorable night. The iron hand of Rome ruled the world then and offered a great deal of security to its citizens, but this was certainly not an age of universal peace. That great empire soon disintegrated, and its glory faded as a mighty avalanche of barbarian hordes rolled southward and westward, smashing its defenses and plundering its cities. Rome, "the eternal city," fell, and the Middle Ages veiled mankind with a pall of darkness, ignorance, and superstition. Islam arose and overpowered the land where once the angels sang; it spread westward until it seemed that the very existence of Christendom was threatened. The evils of feudalism blighted Europe, and millions of lives were squandered in its constant brawls. Gradually kingdoms arose and fell to the accompaniment of the cries of dying warriors. In the great war of 1914, over eight million soldiers—more than six thousand a day for each day the war continued—died on the field of battle. Nearly three times as many were wounded, some in such ghastly fashion that they took their own lives rather than survive as blinded, crippled, or paralyzed invalids. When the armistice was signed statesmen hoped that the world had learned its lesson, and the hideous monster of war would lift its proud head no more. But, alas! today, more than nineteen hundred years after the angels sang



PEACE ON EARTH, our brothers across the sea are again locked in a deadly struggle. Their blood tints battlefields to a crimson hue, while bombs destroy their homes, their wives, and their children.

I turned in a Selective Service Questionnaire today. "I had hoped," said the draft officer, "that this infernal practice of war would soon cease, but I fear that it will not end in our day." Yes, to those

who see it from the human point of view, the picture looks very dark, indeed. To this war-torn world—a sphere filled with strife, unrest, and the pathetic cries of a bleeding humanity—the chorus of that angel choir may have come to sound like mockery, but GOD WILL YET FILL HIS PROMISE.

Let us who know Christ and have peace in our hearts look up in adoration to Him on this Christmas Day. Praise an Almighty God for peace in our country; praise Him for peace in our hearts. The peace that fills our souls today will soon fill the entire earth. Yes, thanks be unto God, WAR WILL SOME DAY BE NO MORE. Sin will soon finish its course; and then shall it be proclaimed that "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever." Nations will then beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and THEY SHALL NOT LEARN WAR ANYMORE. Thou poor mortal man hastening yonder to the mystic realms of death and eternity; thou who stand beside this awful gulf that is swallowing all things mortal, LOOK UP! BEHOLD, HE COMETH whose right it is to reign, and WE SHALL REIGN AS KINGS AND PRIESTS WITH HIM! He whose coming the angels heralded to lowly shepherds is coming again; coming in power and great glory; coming to reign as LORD OF LORDS AND KING OF KINGS.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

# The Guiding Star

BY E. L. MOORE



WE are indebted to St. Matthew for the beautiful story of the star of the east that appeared in the sky when Jesus was born.

In a distant unknown country there lived some wise men, students of the stars, astronomers, as we call them. They studied the heavens, stars, and the different signs in the skies. To them the new star signified the birth of a child destined to singular greatness. It promised guidance to the place of His nativity. So they made ready to follow where it led, taking such gifts as would do honor to a royal babe. As this had never happened before, they made special arrangements and very rich gifts were taken along. Entering upon their journey, they made schedule time, per-

haps crossing mountains, plains, rivers, and deserts, to arrive at Bethlehem where their eyes first beheld Jesus the Son of God.

In nearing the Holy City, Jerusalem, a suggestion was made to turn aside to the city of the king. "Sure the child is there." But the star refused to shine. Perhaps they visited the finest hotels and the homes of the rich, before being convinced. As they looked again for the star, it appeared and led them on to Bethlehem. (Disobedience got them in trouble.) They rejoiced when they again saw the star, and were glad to follow on in haste until they fell at the feet of the Babe and made distribution of their treasure gifts.

Shepherds came also after they heard the angels sing, and worshipped Him.



# Pressing On

BY J. H. WALKER, General Overseer

**B**RETHREN, I count not myself yet to have apprehended: but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are before, I press onward to the goal for the prize of the high calling on God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3:13, 14.



J. H. WALKER

My first impression in considering a New Year's message to you was the thought of pressing on in the light of the progress the Church of God is making in these days in all of its various departments. Yes, regardless of every opposition, I feel happy in exhorting you to keep pressing on.

The Apostle Paul here pictures his past and present life as a race. Before his conversion he was running in a race, a race of his own, with his eyes set on a lower goal; but Christ apprehended him, caught hold of him and turned him around toward another goal, and here he pictures it as a constant running toward a higher, far away goal. No doubt, when he was a young, proud Pharisee, rising in the estimation of his party and being praised and flattered for his zeal and cleverness, he regarded himself as well nigh faultless; but now Christ had given him a model which was not easy to follow, an ideal which soared mountains higher above him. He had been pursuing that for years, and it was still out of his reach, but there was that impelling power, pressing him onward. Christ spoke from the skies one day, and Paul stopped and fell as a dead man; but he arose and carried no weapon of persecution for the lowly Christians. No high esteem for the commission of the high priest remained with him. His former gains had turned into losses, made his own righteousness look as filthy rags. He counted all things loss for the sake of Christ and began running the race that was set before him, not as uncertainly, but with a definite adherence to its rules and a resolute determination for success, not counting himself to have apprehended, not relaxing his efforts as he neared the goal, but straining every sinew and nerve to the utmost if so be he might at last reach the winning post and attain the unperishable

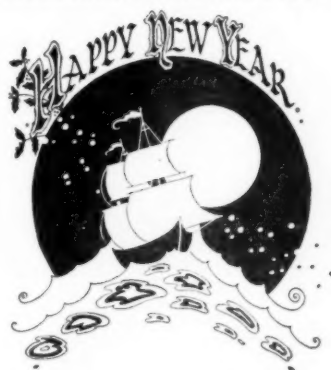
wreath which hangs thereon. Notice the text: "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind." Forgetting the part of the course which has already been traveled and reaching forth, straining every power possible, for before him lies the great space that is of so much importance. It lies between him and the goal. He says, "I press toward the mark." I press on according to, or by the rule and direction of the goal, the mark, for the prize of the high calling.

In olden times games were held in Greece in honor of the gods. They were held around the tombs of heroes and brave men as part of the religious festivals. Every fifth year such games were held at Elis in Olympia and at Corinth. Men came from every part of Greece to attend these games or to witness them, but no one who was not a true born

sculptors, poets, musicians. Ten judges were set apart as umpires of the games. They were chosen ten months beforehand and received purple robes to wear and sat on raised chairs to watch that the rules of the games were observed and to award the prizes. The champions were the picked men of Greece. They prepared themselves, with utmost care, for months beforehand, knowing that they would have to meet others perfect in their own lines. They had to observe the greatest temperance so that they might be in perfect health, choosing such food as would make their muscles firm and tough, not heavy and fleshy. They had to practice their exercises constantly, bathing frequently and rubbing their bodies with oil to keep their bodies supple. In short, there was no chance of winning a prize unless the candidate was willing to make his preparation the business of his life. It seems today that everyone is running—yes, running to and fro. The generation is pre-eminently migratory. Men everywhere are on the move. A restless impulse seems to have seized the world and the fixed habits which bound our ancestors to their hearths have given away. By the invention of steam, discovery of electricity, and the improvement of navigation by water and air, distance has been almost annihilated. Thoroughfares are opened up through every region of the globe, and more distant nations are brought into close and frequent contact with each other. One has said: "The immigrant moves for bread; the merchant, for wealth; the hero, for conquest; the traveler, for pleasure; the philosopher, for truth; the Christian, for souls." Whatever may be the motive of these days, causing the multitudes to run to and fro, it is certainly not with the same view that the Apostle Paul had, pressing to the mark for the prize of the high calling which is in Christ Jesus.

"Forgetting the things that are in the past." Here, of course, Paul does not mean that we can't have memories of the past; but all bitter memories of the misdirected past is to be covered up with the glorious thought that it is covered by the blood. Let the past be the past. Drop one's paralyzing mistakes just where they are, for one must be free to press on to the high calling, and yet this does not seem to be the true meaning Paul expresses here. But the sayings that St. Paul had in mind when he spoke about forgetting the

(Continued on page 10)



A Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year to all of you throughout the world, wherever you be, whatever your circumstances. Please pause a moment and accept my warm-hearted, sincere, Christian greeting in the name of Jesus who makes it possible for us to press ever onward to the goal.

Greek was allowed to share in them. The spectators sat on benches raised one above the other around an open space called the stadium. It was about six hundred feet long and in an open space the games took place. They consisted of chariot races, horse races, foot races, wrestling matches, boxing matches, contests of throwing the heaviest weights the longest distance, contests also between singers, painters,

# Poetically Speaking

## THE CHRIST SPEAKS

LAURA ADRENE SANDERS

You call the day Christmas, acknowledge  
my name;  
Your calendars speak of my birth,  
Yet I am a stranger found knocking out-  
side.

I've never felt welcome on earth;  
I'm walking the streets, but companions  
are few.

So many keep passing me by  
With no recognition, although they ex-  
pect  
To know me some day in the sky.

You tell of the angels from pulpit to pew;  
You sing of my peace and good will,  
Then sanction vain wars for the millions  
you gain,  
And send forth your armies to kill.  
You sing of the wise men who followed  
the star  
And found the wee Lamb in the fold,  
Still you have not brought me the gift of  
your life,  
More precious to me than much gold.

I gave of my bounty until I was poor  
That you might become rich indeed,  
Yet I must keep walking the streets of  
your town  
With no one to care for my need.  
Each door is with holly and tinsel  
weighed down;  
Your children are dancing in glee  
Before a myth idol all dressed in his red  
Who bears no resemblance to me.

Still I was the one who said, "Suffer them  
come,"

For gifts which no man can bestow,  
I made my first bed on a manger of hay  
That Yuletide might bring them to know  
Of "peace and good will" which my  
Father sent down

In me as the Truth and the Way;  
And now I am seeking to give the whole  
world

The Christmas which comes every day.

## A Picture of Life at the End of the Year

MRS. VIOLA BUNKER

As I stand on the threshold of yesteryear  
And think of the motley throng,  
Each one passing along his way  
As though life moved on like a song.

Vigorous youth with happy smiles,  
Old age with silvery hair,  
Passion engaged in cunning wiles,  
And the easy I-don't-care.

The old time farmer with kindly eyes,  
Who tills the soil each day,  
And somebody's mother, bent and old,  
Who has not forgot to pray.

A girl not barely passed her teens,  
And youth with arrogant pride;  
With vision of home and loved ones  
He has asked her to be his bride.

The robber, perhaps, is taking a chance  
That he may break and steal;  
For a paltry sum he sells his soul  
To gain for himself a meal.

The doctor's out in the bitter cold  
And he hears that feeble cry;  
As a new-born babe is ushered in  
While a nurse is standing by.

The kind old minister lends a hand  
And bids a tramp to stay  
And warm himself, with food to eat,  
Just at the break of day.

There are war-town villages filled with  
death  
And cries of pain and woe;  
We cannot understand it all  
But God has willed it so.

And as the hours are slipping by  
Our hearts are filled with fear  
For those who know not Christ the Lord  
In the future of the coming year.

So 1941 slips into place;  
The old year now is gone.  
What is the fate of those who think  
That life is just a song?

## Pressing On

(Continued from page 9)

things that are behind, were not his past sins but rather his past attainments. He had already made some progress in the life of faith. His patience, courage, zeal, self-denying love, and his readiness to bear the cross with untiring faith prove that Paul had made some headway; yet he was still looking forward and pressing toward the mark. When the great contestants were racing for the prize, they would not stop after a little way and look back to see how far they had come, or sit down and say, "Well, that is far enough." Their only thought was on the goal and the space in front of them. There is not time to stop now, to look about, and compliment ourselves with the attainments of the past, to the extent that we are satisfied and have no special interest in the goal, but we must ever keep before us, uppermost, the thought of winning.

Some eight or ten little boys lined up, toed the mark, and started in the race. One little boy, about the fifth to reach the line at the other end came to his mother crying. The mother said, "Son you should not be discouraged. Several of those boys were behind you." He said "I'm not a-crying about those boys that were behind me but it's about those that were ahead of me." Let every one of us run. Unlike the national foot races, where only one wins the prize, all of us may win in this race, for the goal is to be like Christ. The prize is to be forever happy with Christ. Of course, we all desire the prize. We all hope to be in heaven at last, with our heads crowned with jewels and with palms in our hands, and with songs of the redeemed on our lips. But remember we cannot win the prize without first attaining the goal. All desire to press forward, but each in his own way—one by way of pride, another by the way of ambition, another by the way of pleasure, others by the way of covetousness—all by the way of selfishness; but in order to win the prize we must keep our eyes on the goal and attain unto it, which is the likeness to Christ. To be like Christ, reaching forth and stretching out for, implies intense and strenuous effort. Emerson wrote of Napoleon: "Having decided what was to be done, he did that with his might and main. He put all his strength. He risked everything and spared nothing—neither ammunition nor money, nor troops nor generals, nor himself."

This past year is filled with many pleasant memories and sad experiences of lost opportunities. As we enter into this new year, may we press onward for new chances of coming into contact with Christ; for the more we learn of Him, the more we love Him. May we walk with Him and talk with Him, dwell in the secret of His presence as we have never done before. This we can do if we embrace the opportunities for the fellowship with Him that affords the New Year. There is a mystical union between Christ and each believer, transcending all of the analogies of earthly relationships in the embassy of its communion, in the transforming power of its influence and in the excellencies of its consequences. It is a spiritual union. It is a vital union. It is an indissoluble union. It is a union which gives us the power to assimilate His life, to reproduce His character, and to display, in some degree, all the graces He displayed. As we behold the goal—Christ—let us strive to attain unto it, cultivating every Christian characteristic that we have so that we may grow in grace. We pause to reflect on precious memories of 1940, then turn to face the mystic future with greater courage and determination to run with patience the race before, never faltering, never shirking, always pressing onward.

# The Christmas Message

BY E. E. WINTERS

**T**HE Christmas message is news of the advent of the one power by which evil must be overcome. It is not a message of condemnation, about our faults and failures, but "glad tidings of great joy for unto you is born this day a Saviour."

## The Virgin Mother

First and foremost among the women of the gospel, we must place the virgin mother, whose character and position in the gospel story we are now to consider.



E. E. Winters

She comes upon us silently and suddenly, emerging from an obscurity whose secrets we cannot read. No mention is made of her parents; tradition only has supplied us with their names—Joachim and Anna. It is certain that her father was of the tribe of Judah and of the house of David and it was this virgin that Luke tells us, "Now in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary." (R. V.) Gabriel said unto her, "Fear not, Mary: for thou hast favor with God. And, behold, thou shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus."

And Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem to be taxed, and while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered and she brought forth her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, for there was no room for them in the inn. So at midnight from the galleries in the skies, there suddenly burst forth the songs of that heavenly host of angels. The Child of promise had been born in the little town of Bethlehem—Judah. The supreme hour had passed and upon the pallid forehead of the virgin Mary God had placed the honor, dignity and tenderness of

motherhood. Such scenes had often occurred in Bethlehem, yet never before had the star of Bethlehem appeared nor the shaft of the glory of God so lighted the mountainside, nor had a winged choir sung above the Judean hills, to human appearances. The music was too sublime for unappreciative ears; the stable window too crude to be serenaded by beings from the glory world, yet that Babe lying in the lowly manger was God's supreme gift to man. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

It is a gift, first of all, to the poor and lowly. No beautiful bassinet with dainty baby clothes was His, no luxurious home, but a manger bed, swaddling clothes, and the home of cattle. Yes, and there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night and the angel of the Lord came upon them and said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day . . . a Savior which is Christ the Lord." The angel of the Lord knew that the very announcement of such good tidings would be sufficient to move the shepherds to hasten to where they might see this thing which had come to pass. "Ye shall find the babe . . . lying in a manger." They came and in the dim light of the stable

they saw the young child, with His mother. The shepherds offered what little they had, that little which is so great when offered with love. The shepherds, forewarned, knew their new-born child was not just a baby, but He for whom their suffering race had been waiting for a thousand years, the Redeemer of the humble, of those men of good will, on whom the angel had called down peace.

Some days after this, three wise men came from the east. They had seen His star, so they came mounted on their camels, guided by the new star. They came to adore a king. The wise men found the Baby in a manger, and it is fitting that they should kneel before Jesus. They offered their gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Gold stands for the worth of His person, gold was the symbol of kingliness. The first questions of the wise men as they sought the child was, "Where is he that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him?" Frankincense signifies worship and adoration. It was the symbol of divinity and the wise men bringing it bore testimony to their belief in the deity of the blessed Christ-child. There is no escaping the fact that Jesus laid claim to deity. Christ was not a product of this race. He came into it from above. He was a root out of a dry ground. He was the Word made flesh. Praise God, He came on that blessed Christmas and dwelt among men, but

His claim to deity does not rest solely upon the records of the historical facts, but is also attested by His spiritual presence in the hearts of all true Christian men and women, whereof the Holy Ghost is a witness unto us. Myrrh represents suffering and bitterness. The Son of God emptied Himself of the glory which He had in the beginning with His Father, that He might take upon Himself the likeness of sinful flesh, that He could destroy sin in the flesh. He was obedient to death, even to the death of the cross. He suffered and drank the bitter cup even to the dregs that we through His sufferings might have everlasting life.

The wise still bring their  
(Continued on page 15)



"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid," Luke 2:8, 9.



# Christmas Delhograms

BY D. H. DELK



**H**APPY days are here again. They are here because it is Christmas. It is a time to forget ourselves and think of others. The word "Christ" is two-thirds of Christmas. You can't spell Christmas without Christ. Without Christ there is no real Christmas. Christ is the first, paramount and unspeakable gift. We must accept Him before we can truly enjoy any gift others may give us.

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift that we must give away in order to keep. A carload of gifts without this gift is vanity. Like an empty peanut, when you press it for the reality you may hear a little pop, but you look in vain for the nut.

Many may wish they had something to give. Well, don't wish any more. Just start giving, give such as you have. Acts 3:6.

Don't give anyone a piece of your mind unless your mind is peaceable. Remember Christ is the Prince of Peace.

One fellow was asked if he had a hundred sheep would he give fifty of them to the Lord. He said, "Surely." Then he was asked if he had a hundred cows would he give the Lord fifty. He said, "Yes, sir." Then he was asked if he had two pigs would he give one of them to God. To which he answered, "You knew I had two pigs and you have no right to ask me that."

Don't give someone else's belongings away or wish they were in your posses-

sion, and don't give something you don't have. See 2 Cor. 8:12, "not according to that he hath not, but according to that he hath."

In giving presents, I think it is wis-

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## Christmas Giving

As you think of giving presents  
To your friends on Christmas day,  
Don't forget the poor and needy  
That you meet along life's way.  
Give them something that is helpful,  
That will tell them of your love,  
For such giving pleases Jesus  
As He watches from above.

If you cannot give abundance,  
Give a little in His name;  
For a little given rightly,  
With His blessings on the same,  
May be bread upon the waters  
You will find again some time,  
Multiplied to loaves of blessing  
That are wondrous and sublime.

Give the little orphan children.  
Give to widows in their need.  
Give the old and give the helpless—  
Hear their cry for help and heed;  
Give the prisoner in his prison,  
Give to shut-ins fast in bed,  
Give the crippled, blind and sickly—  
Give and know that you'll be fed.

Let the Christmas thought of giving  
Go with you throughout the year.  
Then your life will be a blessing  
And you'll have a lot of cheer;  
For in making others happy  
You will get a great supply,  
As our Lord who went to heaven  
Will then bless you from the sky.

—Selected.

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dom (also believe it would please God) to consider well our gifts. Will it be a benefit or a nuisance? (Don't any one send me a football as I don't want to learn any more about kicking. Some kicking cows don't give any milk but an able-bodied man may take a little.) Don't be like the country boy who (off in a city college) became fascinated by an electric popcorn popper and bought it for the home folks, but a kerosene lamp wouldn't run it, so it was useless. Pop went his money. Will yours go like that?

Give your enemies forgiveness, your

opponents tolerance, your friends your heart, your child good training, your father regard, your mother good conduct, to all men charity, to yourself correction.

Giving is living. I heard that the Dead Sea is dead because it couldn't give.

*O sea that's dead, teach me to know and feel*

*That selfish grasp and greed is certain my doom to seal.*

*Help me, O Lord, MYSELF, how best to give*

*That I may bless others and like Thee live.*

It's not what we give away that makes us poor; it's what we keep. If you want happiness, start giving it away. The good Book says it is more blessed to give than to receive. God has so fixed it that we get more out of that we give away than the receiver. An old selfish and unhappy man was at last persuaded to give away presents at Christmas. At the end of a day he came home very happy and cheerful. He gained happiness by giving it away. Every time we shovel out, God shovels back in, and His shovel is larger than ours.

Give your pastor a good amen through Christmas. It may throw him off his subject but a few more will throw him back on. Give him a rose while he lives. Give him a little praise. Give him a little more than praise. One fellow said, "I have nothing but praise for my pastor," to which the deacon (who passed the collection plate) replied, "I've been noticing that." Give him that pounding you forgot. These "I forgot" poundings taste mighty blank. What! you mean to say you have not given him a pounding since he has been there? Why, no wonder you are sick with the conscienceache.


"Give according to your means and God will make your means according to your giving."—John Hall.

You preachers give your people your best, your very best. Give them a new soul-stirring sermon with some new illustrations in it. Leave that old pistol tale out. One preacher talked about pistols in his sermons so much that some would say to those who were absent, "Oh, it was another one of those Smith & Wesson sermons." I heard a question asked one day (of folks just home from church), "Well, which was it today, the tub of honey or the bucket of joy?" Oh, well, honey and joy are both good, but to

(Continued on page 18)

# Bible School Echoes

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

 CHRISTMAS is almost here and many of you are beginning to prepare the list of presents you are going to give. There is a joy that goes with giving as a token of the present that God gave to the world, the greatest gift that could be given to mankind. Throughout all of the never-ending eternity this needed, important, helpful gift will be loved, appreciated, and worshiped because it brought joy, peace and happiness to the wretched, forlorn, miserable sinners. You cannot give anything that will compare with this but you can give something that is needed, important, and helpful, something that will be appreciated and used to help spread the gospel of peace to a world who thinks very little of the one whose birthday they are supposed to be celebrating. What do you think would be a more pleasing gift in the sight of God than something that can be used to help these people who don't know but very little about "the reason of the hope that is within you," to know and understand Christ as He really is? It is the desire of every child of God to assist others to see "the light of the world." This article was written to tell you how your aim may be accomplished.

You may donate books to the Church of God Bible Training School Library as a Christmas gift, a token of remembrance of the gift God gave to you, a memorial of the fact that you are interested in the salvation of others. These books will be read and studied by hundreds of students there, not only this term but in the years to come. Probably, the information acquired from them will be used to teach people in all parts of the world about the saving power of Jesus. Maybe God hasn't called you to preach or to leave your relatives, friends, and homeland to carry the gospel to the seemingly God-forsaken nations, but you do have a responsibility of doing your share of sending someone else. Don't you want the ones who are representing you in carrying the gospel to be fully prepared for this immeasurable task? Then help them by donating books to the B. T. S. Library. Join the B. T. S. Library Club! All kinds of books are needed. Send all donations to the B. T. S. Library Club, Sevierville, Tenn. The best and cheapest way to send them is by mail marked "book rate." The donator's name will be placed in the books he donates.—Clyde Case, *president of Junior Class.*

DECEMBER 21, 1940

## THE SPIRIT OF REVIVAL IN B. T. S.

God's presence is always with us in Bible Training School. Ever since school started, the spiritual tide has run high. Almost every student has felt its reviving influence. We know that you will rejoice with us because of the many young people who have yielded their lives more unreservedly to God. Yes, even the angels in heaven have rejoiced. Among the hungry souls who have been blessed with definite experiences are the following:

Saved: Joyce Marlar and Eugene Vaughn.

Sanctified: Geraldine Large and Louise Nation.

Saved and sanctified: Billy Brandenburg, Anne Garretson and Bobbie Hitchcock.

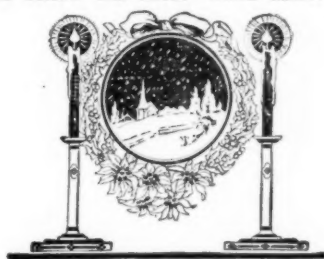
Received the Holy Ghost: Jewel Thomas, Zeno Tharp, Jr., Lois Lowe, Margaret Belle Childers, Evelyn Morse and Eunice Dixon.

Saved, sanctified and received the Holy Ghost: Muriel Crews, Bernice Jeffreys, Eileen Harwood, Junior Hamilton, Jean Bower and Marilyn Howard.

The prime desire of the majority of the students is to become more efficient workers for God, and to equip themselves, spiritually and intellectually, for the service of soul-winning. They strive to excel for the edification of the church. Many students have given heart-touching testimonies of God's calling them into His vineyard, several as missionaries, and of their profound desire to obey Him. To some this was the first call; to others it was the repetition or clarification of a previous call.

Among these are Jean Bower, George Broom, Mary Jane Dixon, Ganus Murphree, Venie Taylor, Helen Gleason, Martha Robinson, Frances Hufflin, J. C. Vaughan, Mildred Johns, Myrtle Byland, Barbara Wilkins and Gwendolyn Akers.

We thank God for these and for many others who have testified of greater victory and deeper determination to serve and follow the Lord.—Edna Minor.



## THE SPIRITUAL BAROMETER

Sunday morning, December 8, Superintendent Tharp delivered a moving message on the text "Follow Thou Me," one impressive statement being, "The harder the work the fewer there are to do it."

That night we were pleasantly surprised with the visit of Brother R. P. Johnson, who brought the evening message which was truly an inspiration to the entire student body. My, how the Lord did bless in the altar service! Some were saved, while others consecrated their lives more fully to the Lord.

An event that has profoundly impressed the students is the visit made by the student group composed of Brother and Sister Graham Stilwell, Brother and Sister Hurschell Diffie, Sister Martha Robinson, and Sister Gabriella McKeough to a prison camp located about six miles from Sevierville. This is our experience: As we entered the dining hall and prepared to sing, the prisoners marched in and were seated at the table. Some were young, probably 18 or 19 years of age; some were of middle age with wives and children at home; and others were there who had already spent the better part of their days. As the song books were distributed among them, the inmates tried to join in singing about Jesus and His love. Our group sang "Victory in Jesus," and we watched the boys wipe tears from their eyes.

We noticed especially one young man who seemed to be acquainted with these old familiar hymns. Imagine our feeling when in a conversation after the meeting he revealed his identity as a relative of a student in our group, a first cousin of whom nothing had been heard for ten years. His life story provoked our sympathy and prayers: left alone in the world as an orphan lad, he fell in the temptation and was sentenced to a prison term. Only two months are left to be served. We are praying for God to save him. When you Evangel readers pray, pray for these men. They seemed to enjoy our visit very much; and the tight grip of their farewell handshake, showed that they appreciated it. Seeing these strong robust men imprisoned in this camp without God and salvation made us purpose in our hearts to visit them as often as possible and to intercede with God in their behalf. May the Lord bless you all.—Gabriella McKeough.

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# Foreign Missions

ZENO C. THARP, Secretary of Mission Board

## REVIVAL IN HAITI



**O SING UNTO THE LORD** a new song; for he hath done marvelous things," Psalm 98:1.

Right now we are in the midst of a tremendous revival in Port-au-Prince, the capital of the Republic of Haiti. Our church accommodates 800 people, about half of whom must stand, squeezed into the church, while outside in the courtyard and gallery another 400 come to stand during service, from 6 to 10 p. m.—making a total actual attendance of 1,200. Oh, how wonderful it is to be in the midst of such a Holy Ghost revival! The harvest for eternity is surely great! Just for the month of November alone, there were more than 300 saved in this one church! Praise God!

These are really busy days for us—when we cannot even leave the city work except to visit our near-by missions, for a few hours at a time. Even in the daytime, there is a steady stream of seekers. The church has to be open day and night, and a group of our native workers always present to pray with new converts.

During these past months of revival, the many, many new converts that have come to the Lord have been snatched out of the camp of the enemy which has caused Satan to rage against us. Just now, as I am writing this letter, there are forces at work trying to stop the Lord's work. This very evening I received official orders from the police of the city to stop using our musical instruments for the services, to end the services promptly at 8 p. m., and not to permit the clapping of hands too loudly.

Of course, I shall go tomorrow to police headquarters to ask for fair consideration, as the voodoo are allowed to beat their drums and have carousal until 5 a. m. without intervention whatever. We realize that the Catholic priests are at a loss to know how to stop the crowds from coming to our church, for the more they talk and write about us and preach against the heretic Protestants in their pulpits, the greater the crowd that attends our services. Lately they have come to the conclusion that it is the music which attracts everyone, since we now have a nice little eleven-piece orchestra. And we take this opportunity to

again thank the kind brothers and sisters who helped buy the accordion for Sister Kluzit. The Lord has certainly been blessing this ministry of music and our new music book in French just off the press. How everyone does love to sing these wonderful songs of a salvation they have personally experienced, and in a language they can understand, as before their conversion they only heard the Latin chants which they did not understand. I wish you could hear those wonderful, stirring testimonies from sincere hearts, of how they have been redeemed,

music will not be interrupted, for it is all to the glory of God! Pray also for these "new babes in Christ," that they may stand true regardless of all persecution. Another important prayer request is that we might have suitable accommodations for the greater number of people that come but must be turned away because of lack of room.

We are sending to our beloved brothers and sisters in the homeland, our heartfelt wishes for a MERRY CHRISTMAS and may He give you back a thousand-fold what you have given as UNTO HIM for the mission fields.—Your co-laborer in Christ, John P. Kluzit.

## IN ARGENTINA, SOUTH AMERICA

By Marco Mazzucco

Greeting in Jesus' name:

In 1928, God in His great mercy saved me and my family and also healed my body.

He put it in our hearts to have meeting in our room and so many souls were saved that we had to rent a larger place.

Four years ago the Lord helped us to build a church and we have 500 members now.

Calls are coming from many places, "Come and help us."

We thank God also for the visit of dear Brother Ingram who was a great blessing to all of us and through him we had the pleasure to join the Church of God.

We ask all the dear saints to pray for us that God will send workers filled with His Spirit, and supply all our needs.

transformed by the power of the Lamb—"out of darkness into light—from superstition into The Way, The Truth and The Life!" Praise the Lord! for "His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory!"—Psalm 98:1.

To the priests, it is only the music which attracts them, and they are trying to stop the music at its source, but we know that the drawing power is the blessed Holy Spirit, drawing them to the Bridegroom, completing the Bride!

We want all of you to pray that this great revival will continue, also that our

## Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from the Church of God Evangel to the Ministry and Laity of the Mission Fields

It is indeed with great pleasure that we send you greetings from the office of the official organ of the Church of God. It has been a source of inspiration to review the growth of our mission work through the reports and testimonies that have come in through our editorial room, especially at this time when we are about to celebrate the birthday of the greatest of missionaries and of the One to whom all missionaries owe allegiance and respect, as well as due credit for the commission they have received to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

It is with great pleasure that we take a retrospective view of the growth of these works through the past years, but as this year comes to a close the reports have shown greater increase continually, so that we may with great anticipation look for the dying year of 1940 to be far superseded by the new year of 1941. It is the desire of your publishing interest to cooperate with you in putting over the program of the Church of God in your respective fields in a greater way this coming year than ever heretofore, and it is here and now that we resolve to thoroughly dedicate ourselves and our resources to the cause of the mission field in every point that we may be able to assist.—The Church of God Publishing House.



## The Christmas Message

(Continued from page 11)

gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh, to lay at the feet of Jesus—gold of a submissive heart, the frankincense of worship and the myrrh of loyalty through suffering. The world needs to return to that central thought of Christmas, "Unto you is born this day a Savior." Even among Christian people the modern tendency is no longer to speak of Jesus as "the Savior." They revere His earthly life as the great example and a great teacher, but when we celebrate the birthday of Christ we may ponder the cause of our rejoicing, if He who lay in the manger at Bethlehem were destined to become no more than a great example and a great teacher, we would have cause for regret rather than happiness; but there is a startling difference between these modern conceptions and the Christian message as we find it in the New Testament. The disciples and writers made scarcely a reference to the detailed teaching of Jesus or the incidents other than the crucifixion and resurrection of His earthly life. For them as for the angels, the glad tidings of great joy proclaimed was for a Savior, not a teacher, one to free us not only from the guilt of sin but from its dominance. It is the manifestation of that saving power in the lives of men and women today that will astound and convince the world. Perhaps for us as for the shepherds an answer may come if we would stop from our work and pay homage to the Christ-child. The midnight sky may seem afire with glory and our hearts leap for joy. "For unto you is born this day a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

In conclusion, I, at this happy and joyous Christmas time, wish the readers of the Church of God Evangel a merry Christmas. I wish for each of you the peace and joy which the angel heralded. I wish for you the spiritual blessings which the Christ-child brought, amidst the song of the angels, to a sleeping world. I wish for you and yours the fulness of the covenant of which Zacharias and Mary sang, the mercy promised to the fathers which shall enable you to serve the Lord without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of your life. Amen.

### Leaves From the Fig Tree

(Continued from page 7)

year generally accepted as the nativity (birth of Christ) these two planets were not only close together as they are at the present, but had been joined by the planet Mars, to form an extraordinary sight in the sky. Perhaps that was the star the wise men followed to Bethlehem." Yes, the scientists can behold the handiwork of God in the sky, but the star of Bethlehem cannot in all probability be sci-

tifically explained. There are some things beyond man's finite comprehension. However, we are not amazed at whatever may be discovered in the skies in this age, for the Lord said there would be "SIGNS IN THE HEAVENS." Another leaf from God's Fig Tree.

The Roman Pope recently made a plea to the combatants that they declare an armistice during the coming holiday period. Both sides promptly rejected the idea as absurd. So, while Christendom rejoices in the birth of a Messiah, the heavy planes, wings of death, will fly higher and yon dealing out misery, woe and death. To many in the combat zones, death would be a sweet and welcome release from a life of fear. However, the star of Bethlehem still shines. The light that the Redeemer hung on Mount Calvary 1900 years ago still brightly gleams as a beacon to point the way home to heaven and to peace. The phrase is old but the spirit in which I write is ever new as I say, "A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU."

## The Star of Bethlehem Speaks

(Continued from page 3)

voice of the new star, but he was disturbed because brilliant men had come from afar to find one whom they referred to as King of the Jews. As they left the palace the star led them on to the little town of Bethlehem, the city of Jesse and David. Finding Mary and the Christ, they offered proper gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

The star that spoke to the wise men nineteen centuries ago is not silent today. Its voice still brings comfort to millions of souls who are living in a day of strife. Its tender rays have warmed the heart of a cold world for ages and today the voice



## OUR JUNIOR JEWELS

The inside front cover of this issue gives a replica of the front page of the new Sunday School paper, or "Junior Jewels." Approximately 50% of the orders for literature for the first quarter of 1941 have included "Junior Jewels." Those of you who have not, should send in your orders for "Junior Jewels." This paper is published by order of the Church of God and should be used by all the Sunday Schools. It is not too late to order for the first quarter. Back issues will be sent with late orders.

For the first quarter this paper will be sent to you each month for January, February, and March. Order of Church of God Publishing House, Cleveland, Tennessee.

J. H. WALKER, General Overseer.

E. L. SIMMONS, *Editor and Publisher.*



of Bethlehem's Star is inspiring the meanest and noblest of men.

The Star of Bethlehem spoke to Saul of Tarsus and his whole life was transformed. He immediately dropped the philosophy that he learned at the feet of Gamaliel and graciously accepted the philosophy of the man who hailed from the wind-swept hills of Nazareth. The Star of Bethlehem spoke in gentle tones to the heathen and caused them to love and live by the Golden Rule. The Star of Bethlehem spoke to Martin Luther, Savonarola, John and Charles Wesley, Moody and Finney, and thousands of lives were changed, gloriously transformed by the power of God. This same Star is speaking to us now, telling us that we must not capitulate to the sinister forces of modernism and apostasy. The Star of Bethlehem shines over Flanders Field, it speaks to all who gather at the tomb of the unknown soldier in Arlington Cemetery. It speaks, but its voice is not heard by a cynical world. It says, "How futile, why the bloodshed? the war to end war, vain mockery." The war to save the world for democracy is spoken of by treacherously foolish and blind men who have forgotten that the Prince of Peace offers an adequate and tranquil solution. The Star of Bethlehem over the frozen slain in the Albanian mountains, and to the peoples of every belligerent land, telling them that the greatest of all conflicts was not won with saber and sword, but that death, hell and the grave were subdued by the death of Jesus once and for all, and that the slaughter of the flower of Germany and Britain can never hope to right the wrongs of a people who have done despite to the Spirit of grace.

The voice of this great Star is heard above the flattering oratory of Adolph Hitler, above the fiendish conniving of Joseph Stalin, and above the insinuating threats of Benito Mussolini. Its voice is crying above the din and confusion of bombs, guns, torpedoes, planes, and other implements of war. Here is what it tells us, Men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. For the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the offspring of David, the bright and morning Star, will descend with power and great glory and the knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea and nothing shall hurt or destroy in all His holy mountain. The zeal of the Lord assures us of this.

I should like for you to listen, during this Christmas, and you can hear in unmistakable sound the voice of the Star of Hope that has sounded in clarion notes across the years, bringing us glad tidings of a security that is eternally glorious.

# NOTES From My LETTERS

\*\*\*\*\* J. H. WALKER, General Overseer \*\*\*\*\*

## Good News From Ohio

"Middletown had fine revival. Twenty-five additions to the Church. Hamilton had thirty-two additions to the Church. Akron had ten last Sunday. We set a new church in order with eighteen members, also, this last month."

This is indeed good news from Ohio. May God continue to bless you folks there.

## Good News From Away Out West in Kansas

I am in receipt of a letter from Brother Wilma Henry, overseer of Kansas. I quote his letter and ask that all who read it pray for the work in that territory:

"Dear Brother Walker:

"Enclosed you will find minutes of our ministers' conference, also a sheet showing our 100 per cent ministers' requirements.

"The church work is moving along nicely. I organized a new church at Pratt, Kansas, several days ago. We also have a good Sunday School and Y. P. E. there. We have just returned from Kansas City, Kansas. While there we rented a building in a nice location for another mission there. It is about five or six miles from our other church. By God's help we expect to have three or four missions in Kansas City before the Assembly. If God will just help us to have enough finance, we plan to open up several missions, get regular services and Sunday Schools and Y. P. E's going, and then begin revivals in them. We have another building in McCune, Kansas, as soon as we can get a preacher to go there. Help us pray that the Lord will give us some new church buildings. The church here at Independence won't hold the Sunday School crowds as it should.

"We had fellowship meeting at Pittsburg Monday night, with a packed house. People came from 80 to 135 miles to be there. We got enough in mission offerings that night to open up our new mission in Kansas City. Well, Brother Walker, pray for us. Now don't get the idea that the devil is dead in Kansas. He is still on the job, but we don't like to say much about his activity.

"Pray, pray for Kansas.

"Humbly thy brother in Christ,  
"Rev. Wilma Henry."

## Brother Daniel S. Slay Writes:

"I have been working in Louisiana, and I had a very good revival in Bogalusa. There were twenty saved and eight received the Holy Ghost."

May God bless you, Brother Slay.

## Our First Church of God Organized in Wisconsin

This good news comes from Brother David L. Lemons, the state overseer of Minnesota and Wisconsin. I give below excerpts from his letter:

"Greetings in Jesus' name! Last night when the temperature was about zero and a foot of snow was blanketing the earth, and while winter stars twinkled with luster akin to that on the night of nativity, a little group of people filled with purpose made their way to the little farm house of Brother and Sister Chancy Williamson, where was born at about 9:30 p. m. the first Church of God in Wisconsin. The Lord Himself met with us and the humble dwelling was transformed into a cathedral of glory. The music (that may have been professionally condemned), was accompanied by melodious strains from the master organ and the Master's hand, and our singing seemed to be enveloped by the songs that floated forth from an unseen choir. Praise God!

"Well, you can see that my work has got me, and I am glad for the little part that I can play in pioneering for God and His Church. We have fifteen members here, which is a good start for this part of the country, I think. We have another prospect at Waupun, where I hope to organize soon.

"We have not had a ministers' meeting; so there are no minutes to send. I guess you understand how it is out here. I am sending the reports made out as best I can with the reports I have to make them from.

"Brother and Sister J. Orr, who have made application for evangelist licenses, have left their home at Oshkosh, gone to Waupun, Wisconsin, and started meetings. They have quite a nice following. They are strictly on faith. They now worship in a dwelling house. When I went to service there, I was moved with compassion. We had a glorious meeting, and several seekers, five were saved, others blessed. This is an opportunity to bring another church into existence. They can secure a hall for \$15 per month, furnished. I think it is a good prospect. Waupun is a town of about 7,000 people."

May God bless you, Brother Lemons, in your field of labor there. We sincerely hope that He will continue to visit you with his presence and guide you so that you may win more people to God. Remember that we are praying for you.

## Question Box

**Question:** We don't find the word "Christmas" in the Bible. Where did the word "Christmas" originate? Did it start with Christ's birth? Was Jesus born December 25?—F. B.

**Answer:** It is true that we do not find the word "Christmas" in the Bible. The word literally means "a mass or religious service for Christ." Christmas became the most important festival of the early Church. The exact time when Christmas was first celebrated is not known but we have these words of explanation from the *American Educator*, "It is spoken of in the beginning of the third century by Clement of Alexandria, and in the latter part of the fourth century Chrysostom speaks of it as of great antiquity. From the *People's Bible Encyclopedia* we have these words, "As to whether our Lord's birth really occurred on December 25, ancient authorities are not agreed. Clement of Alexandria says that some place it on April 20, others on May 20, while Epiphania states that in Egypt Jesus was believed to have been born on January 6. For a long time the Greeks had no special feast corresponding to Christmas Day. Chrysostom, in a Christmas sermon in A. D. 386, says, "It is not ten years since this day was clearly known to us, but it has been known from the beginning to those that dwell in the west. The whole western church unanimously agreed on this date and the eastern adopted it without much contradiction." The date of the birth of Christ is not known and will perhaps never be known, but since a day has been set part and established, there can be nothing amiss in celebrating it as the birth of our Lord.

**Question:** In Jer. 10:3 we have these words, "For the customs of the people are vain, for one cutteth a tree out of the forest, the work of the hands of the workman with the ax; bedeck with silver and gold, they fasten it with nails with hammers that it move not." Does this scripture condemn having a Christmas tree?

**Answer:** No, this scripture has no reference to the Christmas tree. Let us notice, first, these words were spoken about 600 years before Christ and a Christmas tree is used only in Christmas festivities; second, many of the heathens, during the days of Jeremiah, were worshippers of nature. They planted groves and dedicated them to their idols. These nations also cut the trees, decorated and deified and worshiped them. Jeremiah warned Israel against this idol worship. In the 5th verse he says of these trees, "Be not afraid

(Continued on page 18)

# Christmas and New Year Greetings From The Church of God

BY R. P. JOHNSON, Assistant General Overseer



**I**N Psalms 90:12, we read: *"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."* Time is a part of eternity. We are in eternity now, and it is easy to see that the character of your part of eternity depends upon your use of time. Already 1940 is almost in the category of time past, and the time for Christmas celebration and

New Year's preparation is at hand.



R. P. JOHNSON

own blood. Acts 20:28.

Because I am recognized as His body, commissioned by Him to go into all the world in His name and proclaim His gospel to all the people, and to occupy until He comes again.

Because the pages in His Book—your Bible, the only truly perfect book in existence—makes liberal allowance for my teachings and doctrines to adorn its sacred pages.

Because I stand for the whole truth, rightly divided, and am, therefore, able to withstand the wicked one and his forces of evil in these last days.

Because wherever my doctrine and teachings are observed, the community becomes a better and safer place.

Because of my unwavering stand for right and firm stand against evil, I bring men into fellowship with Him.

Because, being His flesh, His blood, and His bone, I must be right. You cannot but feel your obligation to right.

Because you and yours need the help that I can afford, and I need the help that you can give.

Because others need the assistance that your following after righteousness affords.

Because the world, your friends and your family are reading you more than they are the Word of God.

Because what you do shows more what

you believe about Christ and His Church than what you say.

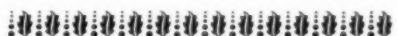
Because, being guided by the Holy Ghost, I must be the best friend that you have on earth.

Because I help lift your fallen and give strength to your weak.

Because I am the Good Samaritan in your neighborhood, helping the needy, showing mercy to the distressed, offering a friendly hand and showing kindness to all, seeking not my own welfare, but the welfare of others.

Because I am not of the world, yet in the world, seeking to save men from the world's awful fate.

Because I hear the distressed cry of the heathen, and my arms are stretched



## FROM THE CHURCH

*"I am the great mystery,"*

*Saith Christ, my Lord.*

*In Him I am a new creation,*

*By blood, Spirit, and word.*

*For my members in every nation*

*Throughout all creation,*

*My banner and teachings are:*

*One Lord, one faith, one birth.*

*The Lord's name I bless*

*And I eat only holy food.*

*This one hope I possess,*

*With the power of God endured.*

*To rescue lost souls—*

*Yes, those for whom He died,*

*For soon from heaven He will come*

*To receive me as His bride.*

*I greet you.—R. P. J.*



forth to them with the message of salvation.

Because I call upon the Lord in your behalf and pray you in His stead to be reconciled to God.

Because I am the Church that you need, instituted by your Lord and Savior, and without me some of your vital needs would go lacking.

Therefore, if I am able to contribute to the happiness of men and to the pleasure of my Head and Founder, it won't be by accident. It will be because I throw my very best into His service; because you who are fortunate, financially, also

you who are more powerful, spiritually, cooperate with me in giving more of your material blessings and demonstrating your spiritual enablements in a greater measure.

I believe those that really are enjoying the blessings of full salvation will find that joy multiplied a hundredfold when you know that you are doing your best in 1941 to remove the bitterness that comes from the workings of sin, and who in some sense shall be responsible for the light of love entering into hearts and homes and thereby lifting the bewilderment from the hearts of those who were heretofore groaning in darkness. As stated above, without me much of your vital needs will go lacking; and without you I can do little. That is why I solicit your financial and spiritual aid—yes, all that you can spare. My burdens are heavy and my program is far-reaching. Through your loyal cooperation and support I was able to meet my obligations and discharge my duty in a creditable way in 1940.

Christ, my head, is eternal. You and I are dealing with eternal things. This day is the only hold that you have upon eternity. This hour is a little fragment from eternity. Therefore, learn the value of time. The longest and shortest days of 1940 have at last bowed their heads and now it is evening. Christmas is here; the new year is dawning—the year of hope and victory—1941. I, the Church of God, greet you! I solicit your best. What more could I say, and what will your answer be?

## In Retrospect

By Clara Aiken Speer

There were babes that night who, in robes of silk,

On beds of soft down lay;  
But the ages center around the One  
Who slept on a bed of hay.

There were babes whose later deeds of shame

Besmirched the thrones of kings;  
But only One whose pure, white life  
Enshrined forever the common things.

That knew His touch. For the Child who  
Near where the dumb beasts trod,  
Little, and humble, and helpless, yet  
Was King, the Son of God.

—Sunday School Times.



## Question Box

(Continued from page 16)

of them for they cannot do evil, neither also is it in them to do good." Verse 6, "Forasmuch as there is none like unto thee, O Lord; thou art great," etc. This is enough to show plainly that the tree spoken of was an idol and has no connection, prophetically nor otherwise, with Christmas trees.

## Christmas Delkograms

(Continued from page 12)

eat too much honey is not good, and joy can be too extreme.

"To love to preach is one thing, to love those to whom we preach is quite another."—Cecil.

We will be happy Christmas if we forget self. Self is hard to empty out. He sticks tight in the bottom of the bucket. Self is willing to exchange presents, but love will give one.

In South America, they tell me, there is a bird called the "me bird." He sings, "Me, me, me," because that is the only note he knows. Let's sing "do" (dough) for the mission cause. Let's not sing "me, myself," or "I" either. Self is a small object but if he gets in your eye he will blind you to Christ-mas.

Sam Jones said his sermons were like a freight train, he could uncouple anywhere and tie on the caboose and that would be the end.

I believe God will give you a good Christmas if you try to be contented. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." He that is contented is rich. He that is discontented is never rich. I am expecting a good Christmas for I have (partly) learned in whatsoever state I am to (try) to be contented. God supplies from unexpected sources. One Christmas Eve I had a bad case of financial embarrassment, no fruit, etc., for the children. But late that afternoon up drove a young couple. After the knot of matrimony was tied, I had enough to buy fruit, etc. Thank the Lord. One thing we must not give, we must not give up hope. Hope on against hope. Oh, blessed be God for ever and ever. It seems I can hear the angels singing now, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will toward men."

Oh, I am so glad of God's love to me, and because I can truly say, Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.

When you read this just breathe a prayer to God for me, that I may live for others.

I can hardly close (because the Spirit is on me now), but I must say,

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY  
NEW YEAR TO ALL.

## Requests

(Continued from page 4)

closes; unspoken request; my sister to come back to God; a little boy who is deaf to be healed.—Mrs. F. E. Widner, Dell, Ark.

The members of our family who are sick to be healed; my husband and me to get back to the Lord.—Thelma Richards, Aflex, Ky.

Me and my husband to be saved; my mother to be healed, she has a breaking out on her and the doctors can't do her any good. Fast if led. My children to be healed.—Mrs. George Martin, Statesboro, Ga.

The healing of my body, I have been sick four years and am getting worse all the time.—Mirrom Weeks, Rt. 1, Mayo, Fla.

The healing of my body, I am suffering intensely with a serious kidney ailment and nervous condition; Sister Addie Chance to be healed of headaches and high blood pressure.—Mrs. Edna Dur-rance, Pensacola, Fla.

My unsaved brothers and brother-in-law to be healed and see the light on holiness and be saved.—Emma Potts, Cumby, Texas.

Us to have love and unity in our home; those who have been saved to have an overcoming experience and more of God's love; our unsaved children; my son who is soon to go to camp to be saved and delivered of the drink habit; the church at this place.—Mrs. P. C. Brown, Box 36, Salem, W. Va.

I am very sick and the doctor says I can't get well. Please pray for me that I may be ready to meet my Savior when He calls.—Mrs. W. P. Cline, 1000 Caldwell St., Statesville, N. C.

Me to grow in grace; my children that they will grow up in the Word of God and that He will bless them; me.—Cleavel A. Hall, Kew Turks Island, B. W. I.

My feet which are giving me trouble to be healed.—Ellen Butler, Box 14, Nassau, N. P., Bahamas.

Our revival at Hubball, W. Va.; the Lord to give me strength, I have been very sick. Greetings to all my friends. May God bless you. — Lake Erie Pahl, evangelist, Hubball, W. Va.

My mother to be healed; my daddy to be saved; my husband to be delivered of the drink habit and be saved; me to stand true.—Mrs. R. C. Williams, Rt. 1, Lancaster, Tenn.

Me to receive the Holy Ghost; my mother and father, brothers and sisters to be saved before it is too late.—Mrs. Ira Lee, Box 553, Haines City, Fla.

My sister-in-law that God will have His way in her life, God to deal with her in the way He sees best; the few members of the Church of God here at Hobart. We have no place to worship and

no pastor; me.—An isolated sister in the Church of God, Hobart, Okla.

## The Christmas Rose

(Continued from page 5)

garden." They dug away the white drifts, and, sure enough, deep down below the brave plant had done its best. Dozens and dozens of roses bloomed sturdily, daintily, white with pale pink frills; many more than were needed for the friend who appreciated flowers. In a house near by, a new baby came on this joyous day. "The mother must find a flower on her pillow, when she awakens from her sleep." So a spray of the pale pink-edged blossoms lay there to welcome the new life. In still another house on this Christmas Day, there was a gay wedding. The bride's table was adorned with a bowl of the delicate winter rose blossoms. All the guests praised their exquisite perfection. "To think they blossomed for my wedding!" the bride exclaimed. Happy rosebush, for it had given beauty and gladness to the great events of life. But there was something better for the rose. The Lord of the garden knew all about it. He said, "Because this little plant grew and blossomed unnoticed, unpraised, content to wait and bring its small meed for others' happiness, glad to be of use when other roses failed, it shall be named for me. Now and always it shall be the CHRISTMAS ROSE."

As another Yuletide rolls around, may you and I seek to bless those who cannot bless themselves. It may cost sleepless nights and toilsome days. We may blister our hands with sacrifice, but, it will be worth it all just to be called the sons of God. May we seek to make others happy. May we not be selfish. Christmas means unselfishness. Love came down at Christmas, love all lovely, love divine. Children, young people, bring all the love you can into the world, all the beauty, all the kindness, all the happiness.

## Shine On, Bright Star

Daniel Nuhn

Oh, may we lay our burdens down,  
And, watching from afar,  
Once more behold the glittering beams  
Of Bethlehem's bright Star.

Shine on, fair Star of Bethlehem,  
Shine in the hearts of men;  
Turn back our hearts from carnage blind  
To paths of peace again.

Oh, may we now incline our ear  
To hear the angels sing,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"  
The message now they bring.

In every nation, race, or creed,  
Shine on, shine on, bright Star.  
May peace enshrine each noble heart,  
In lands both near and far,

# OUR JUNIOR JEWELS

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## A Christmas Debt



It was Christmas Eve, and the rain, driven by a bitter wind, was beating against the window of the matron's room at a Children's Home. She was busy writing at a table, but looked up now and again at the dreary scene outside the window. She was not young, indeed her gray hair and lined face made her look more than her years; and she was worried.

A new child had been brought to the Home the night before; his was a particular sad and destitute case, but the Home was full, and he had been put to sleep in a cot at the end of the boys' ward. The matron wondered how they were going to feed and clothe him. Funds were short, food prices high, and the needs of her big family of waifs and strays were many. She sighed, but, raising her eyes, her attention was held by a text on a calendar hanging on the wall: "My God shall supply all your need." She must pray and trust, then, for this new burden. God was all-sufficient.

Just then, a knock came at the door, and a young nurse entered: "A gentleman would like to see over the Home, matron." She rose with alacrity; was this an answer to her prayer, already? She found the gentleman, very tall and grave, evidently a traveler, as he mentioned having been abroad, and said

he was passing through the town that afternoon, on his way to London. She took him over the Home, talking of the children in a way which showed that she loved them.

Last of all, they came to the play-room, and fifty pairs of wondering little eyes were turned upon them as they entered.

"I have a few toys," the gentleman said. "Have I your permission to distribute them?" Permission being given, he brought a bag from the hall, and produced a stock of lovely balls and trains, toy horses, dolls and games — and there was one for every child! How they shouted with joy, and forgot their shyness as they danced round this unexpected Father Christmas! Then, sitting down, with the little ones around him, he spoke a few words, reminding them of the Babe of Bethlehem and the gift of God's Son to

the world on that first Christmas morning. It was all so simple and earnest that the children listened spellbound. Then the matron had a happy inspiration.

"Would one of you sing this gentleman a carol?" she said.

There was a pause. Then a very little boy, with deep blue eyes and fair curls, trotted forward.

(Continued on page 3)



*God bless the orphans*



MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

## THREE DAYS

*Yesterday is gone. Like a phantom ship it glides  
Noiseless into the distance dim upon the tides  
Of Time, a cargo bearing on of good or ill  
To Him who all things judges with impartial will.  
Call it back I cannot, e'en though my hidden fears  
Fill me with their torment, and deluge me with tears.  
On it goes forever down the abyssmal past  
To hereafter meet me, and bless or curse at last.*

*Today is here. It came to me while I slept,  
And at my bedside its faithful vigil kept.  
It laid its fingers softly on my closed eyes,  
And bade me from the grave of sleep to quickly rise.  
It placed within my hand a leaf of spotless white,  
And bade me on it with the pen of life to write.  
God help me so to bear myself till set of sun  
That no regrets will sting me when the day is done.*

*Tomorrow's at the gate. I hear it swing ajar  
To admit the stranger that hails from realms afar.  
Mystery enshrouded, its face I cannot see,  
And know not whether it bring joy or pain to me.  
But this I know, it comes a messenger from God  
To smile upon me, or to smite me with their rod.  
Yet, though I know not, and my eyes of faith are dim,  
I'll go bravely onward, and trust my all to Him.*

—Campbell Coyle, D. D., in *The Presbyterian*.